

OUR DUMB

Animals

JULY

1948





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One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, seventy-five cents each, within the United States, eight-seven cents each in Canada or Latin America.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Animals

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Humane Societies and Inflation

INFLATION has dealt the Humane Societies of this country a serious blow. Like the nation's universities, most Societies depend upon endowment income to cover deficits in operation, but returns from invested funds, which years ago yielded over 5%, are down to about 3½% today.

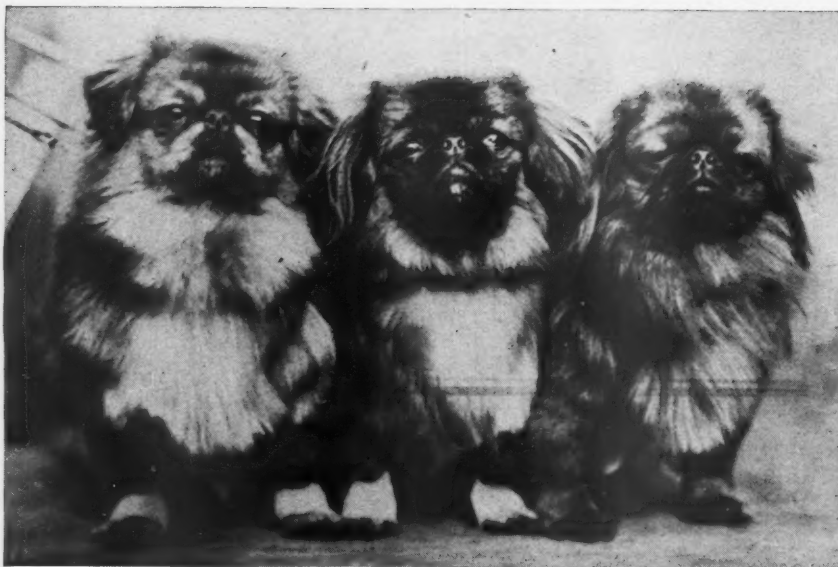
In the meantime, the cost of labor, medicines, food and equipment has risen twenty-five to thirty per cent — sometimes more than one hundred per cent — and the Societies are compelled to draw on capital funds to stay in operation.

How long can this go on? Expenses have been trimmed to the bone, and faithful staff members are working for far less than they could earn if they were to leave the Societies and seek their fortunes in the outside, highly competitive market.

Humane Societies, unlike business concerns, cannot raise the price of their services to offset the cost. At our own Angell Memorial Hospital there is a limit beyond which we cannot go, charging for our services. The free work at the Hospital is on the increase, and the cost of doing it is still on the ascent. The management of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., and indeed of all humane organizations, is looking farther afield than ever before for working capital — for new income — for new members — but, most importantly, for more endowment.

It must be found — and soon. If not, it may be necessary to cut down on service to sick and suffering animals—reduce inspection work at stockyards—close certain wards in our Hospital. We earnestly encourage our members and friends to consult with us in an effort to continue our far-reaching work for animals—unabated.

E. H. H.



A trio of lion-hearted individualists.

Our Perky Pekinese

By CHARLES H. KYSON

HOW do spunky little Pekinese dogs get their lion-hearted courage? An ancient Chinese legend tells us. A huge lion and a petite lady monkey were favored pets in a Chinese emperor's palace. The lion made ardent love to the lady monkey, who laughed saucily, scorning his size.

The disconsolate lion appealed to the court magician. This kindly worker of miracles suggested a magic potion to shrink the lion to the size of the lady monkey. This reducing program appalled the harassed lion who felt pride in size and courage, but love gnawed at his heart like a dog at a bone; the lion weakened,

consenting to the ordeal while pleading to retain his courage even if he were to be small.

The magician agreed that powdered tiger teeth added to the brew would do it. The lion drank deeply, with a roar he pounded his stomach, while growing smaller and smaller until he became the size of Her Monkeyship.

The lady, greatly flattered by her suitor's sacrifice, pronounced him "cute," and raved over his yipping courage. Their marriage was celebrated in oriental magnificence and from the union came the spunky little Pekinese dogs of today with their lion-hearted courage.



"Ginger"—Diplomat

By EDWARD C. BUDZYNA

WITH the beginning of World War II, dogs came in for a goodly share of favorable publicity. They rated it. Their intelligent and heroic service on the battlefronts and their usefulness on the home front were outstanding. However, in the many ways in which they have served, it has just been revealed how for the first time a dog is credited with having averted a strike.

The incident goes back to the time when Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Secretary of Labor, went into conference over the telephone-labor contract. Present

at the conference was Mr. Schwellenbach's dog Ginger, an engaging mongrel female. At a crucial moment during the conference, when the tenseness of the situation filled the room and indicated a deadlock, Ginger took the floor on the assumption that it was time for a lighter moment. She turned somersaults, played dead, sat up, shook hands with the conferees, and by the time she had run through her repertoire of tricks, the members were smiling and the tension was broken. Shortly thereafter the strike-averting compromise was reached.

Animal Language

By BEULAH WILLIAMS

DO you know what brays, what neighs, and what lows?

Mules bray, horses, neigh and cattle low. This is their way of calling each other.

Animals have a language of their own. This language is not spoken by man, but understood by every brute from the tiniest hare to the largest elephant. It is a mode of expression.

You have seen a dog when he approached his master after receiving a reprimand for some misdemeanor, with downcast head and tail. You have seen him wag his tail when praised by his master for a noble deed. His is the language of look and gesture.

Some time ago a dog had been rescued by a Coast Guard patrol. The dog licked the hands of each member of the crew as if in gratitude at being rescued. However, at the Humane Society its behavior patterned differently from that of most dogs. The call of "here, doggie" and other commands were ignored. "He must be dumb" was the general feeling of the Society until his mistress called to take him home. Their only trouble had been that they couldn't speak Polish.

Certain shepherds are quite particular about the company their dogs keep. I once read a story of a couple of shepherds meeting in a market-place in Scotland. Each shepherd had his dog. One was a sheep murderer and the other a faithful respectable dog. They seemed to strike up a great friendship. Their masters agreed to set a watch upon them. That evening both dogs left their homes at the same hour, joined each other, and set off after the sheep. It is beyond all doubt that these dogs had a sufficiency of language to understand each other. The criminal had invited his innocent young friend to join him in his mischief. It is likely that there was not an audible sound uttered during their conversation, but they used the language of look and gesture, and while it was not understood by their masters, it was entirely comprehended by themselves.

There is no doubt that animals understand something of our human language. They may not be able to comprehend the exact words used, but it is evident they get the meaning to a certain extent.

Anyone who has ever owned a horse understands the meaning of his various actions and vocal expressions. There is the neigh of joy, upon returning home after a hard day's work, the neigh of loneliness, when he has strayed from his companions, the neigh of "hello" when two horses meet, and the neigh of terror when enemies are near.

In reality there are no dumb animals. The real trouble lies with man, who is unable to understand the language spoken or uttered by the animals.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Here, Kitty!

By DOT ANN O'KELLEY

THE cat lovers are up in arms again—and this time they're battling it out with the psychiatrists.

The feud began when an eminent Philadelphia psychiatrist recently published a series of articles dealing with the problem of certain individuals, called "constitutional psychopathic inferiors," who are potential criminals. Unfortunately, the good doctors nicknamed these individuals "cat people"—because, he said, they are anti-social by nature, just as cats are.

Here there were angry murmurings from the cat lovers. Not content, however, the psychiatrist, Dr. William Drayton—now the arch-enemy of feline friends everywhere—went on to point out that cats never form any genuine attachment for their owners, as dogs do, and that, of all animals, cats have the least degree of social conscience.

For some reason, it's impossible to be indifferent toward cats. You either like them or you despise them. And to Philadelphia cat lovers, it was obvious that Dr. Drayton belonged in the latter category. At any rate, public opinion soon mobilized, with cat lovers all over the city hotly defending their pets and citing case histories to prove the loyalty and intelligence of the feline species.

One Temple University professor, a rabid cat lover, huffily remarked, "Cats anti-social? Why, my alley cat has lots more personality than some of my students—probably more than that psychiatrist, too," he added.

The professor then became so incensed that he delivered a 20-minute lecture on the spirit and independence of his own tiger-striped pet.

So eminent an authority as the "Encyclopedia Americana" has joined the professor's side with this comment: "The cat is one of the most intelligent, if not the most intelligent of the domestic animals." And that, friends, is why it's so hard to teach a cat tricks—he's much too smart to be taken in by such childish maneuvers.

As for the general usefulness of the cat, the "Americana" goes on to say that the influence of the domestic cat upon American civilization has received less consideration than it deserves. "A great deal of the advance of agriculture," the "Americana" says, "has been made possible by this much abused animal."

If this evidence doesn't clinch the matter, let us add that even the U. S. Government remembers the kitties with a yearly appropriation for the maintenance of

cats in the post office. A good mouser helps get the mails through by killing off the rats which gnaw holes in the mail sacks.

Historically, we know that even the ancient Egyptians were cat lovers. Long before the pyramids, cats were domesticated in Egypt—as evidenced by the discovery of many mummies.

The great civilizations of the world owe much to cats—the early Phoenicians, Cretans, and Egyptians were constantly sailing over the Mediterranean Sea, founding trading posts from which grew the cities of Greece, Rome, and Carthage. Undoubtedly, these early pioneers took their domesticated cats with them as mousers. From these early cats came the European house cat, which migrated centuries later to the United States.

There's no better way to know the true value and loyalty of a cat than to live with one. Take "Buff," for instance. Buff is a three year old, part Persian, with sense enough to take top honors in any quiz-cat show.

Buff's mother was a cream Persian and his father—well, the old man was just an ordinary alley cat. Buff looks like his mother, and he has certain refinements of taste which undoubtedly come from her. But his quick wit and rascally charm are the true marks of the common "alley." As for personality, well, Buff has likes and dislikes as definite as any human member of the family. He won't drink water, for instance, unless it's in a cup placed on a small table by the sink—and nobody taught him that trick—it's just the way he prefers it.

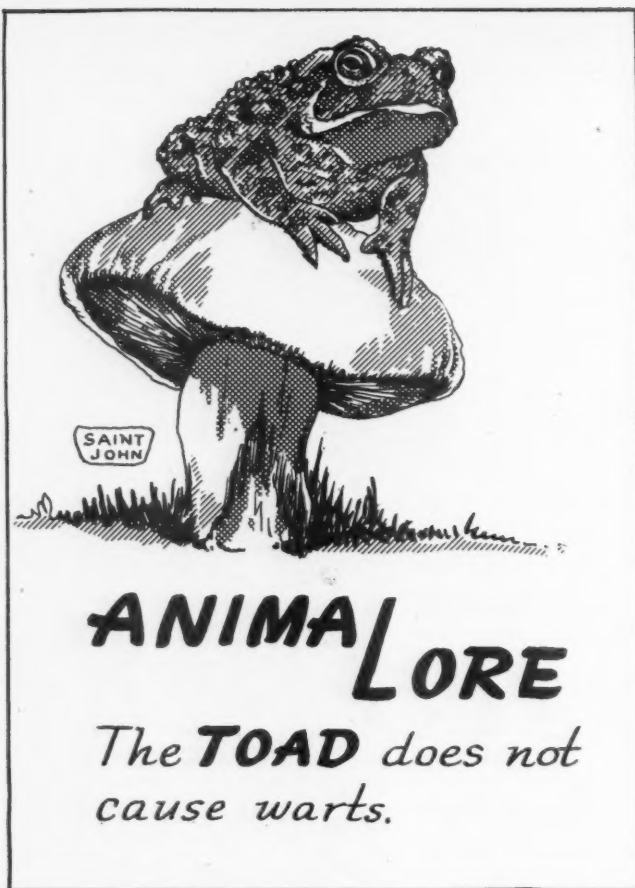
As for loyalty, Buff is devoted to the family and is extremely gregarious. He is inconsolable, every morning, when the three children leave for school and he is left without anyone to play with. He will wander around the house, crying, until someone pays some attention to him. He's independent, yes, but we respect his desire for liberty as we would respect that desire in any member of the family.

Perhaps Dr. Drayton is convinced by this time that he erred in tagging potential criminals "cat people." If not, well, I can only hope that someone in his family will bring home a stray kitten that he will grow to love and respect.

Photo by Georgia Engelhard

DID YOU CALL ME?





Generous Canine

By JO E. KERWOOD

BARON," the large yellow collie, and I had grown up together as pals. I had taught him various tricks, one particularly that saved me many steps. He would make his daily trip to the butcher shop, get the meat order, and I knew he would return home. Never one time did the dinner come up short for the lack of meat. Several times I had seen Baron lay his package down on the sidewalk and give a would-be robber a good sound whipping, then pick up his meat and trip on home as though nothing had happened.

Then one day Baron came home with only part of the meat order. The contents looked as though someone had taken out a portion of the meat and then given it back to Baron. Curiosity got the better of me so I planned to follow Baron the next day and discover the reason for the missing meat.

Baron went directly to the butcher shop as usual, received his package of meat and then deliberately trotted off in the opposite direction of home; going to the edge of town he rounded a fence and stopped by an old discarded piano box. He took a portion of the meat and disappeared into the box. A few minutes later he reappeared, picked up the remainder of the meat and trotted on home.

As soon as Baron was out of sight, I went to see what was in the piano box. There lay a half-starved female dog of no definable breed with a badly broken leg—busy eating the dinner brought her by Baron.

I called for help immediately and soon was able to bring the dog home with me. She responded to treatment in a short time and after a few good meals and a good warm bath, she was indeed a beautiful animal. Baron had, no doubt, been able to see her great beauty through his dog's instinct. In many ways he showed his thanks to me for bringing home his lady-love.

Found by "Mickey"

By FRANK L. BIGGS

GROCER W. E. Shelton, of Huntington, West Virginia, is bestowing great praise these days on his little dog "Mickey" because he recently recovered \$41.00 in paper money which was supposed to be "lost."

Mr. Shelton said a roll of bills, encircled by a rubber band, disappeared from his pocket about a month ago. He at once had visions of a thief getting in his deadly work. No trace of the money was in sight. Mickey held his head to one side as though analyzing the situation, whenever the subject of the lost money was discussed. But never a word said he.

Mickey, by the way, is a rat terrier and is kept at the grocery store for the purpose of destroying destructive rodents which seem to get more numerous all the time. One morning, while chasing his prey, Mickey suddenly sighted the "lost" greenbacks. He scented loudly and made other noises around the valuable cache until the grocer's attention was attracted. On investigation it was found that the money was wedged between two water pipes and the wall in an obscure corner of the store. Some of the money had been chewed into small pieces as though the culprit had tried to gnaw it out of its hiding place.

Mickey seemed to realize the important "find" he had uncovered. He was highly elated and "cut all the monkey shines" around his master of which an excited, friendly dog is capable.

Some of the recovered money which was badly mutilated was forwarded to Washington, D. C., by a local bank for replacement. But Mickey is still a hero in the eyes of his master and receives many an affectionate pat from the customers of Mr. Shelton's store.

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"Don't starch them, of course!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

UNCLE Oliver will never forgive "Mr. Blue." He says if Mr. Blue were a man instead of a dog, he'd sue him for defamation of character, engage him in fisticuffs or have him arrested for petty larceny—maybe all three.

Poor Uncle Oliver! Each summer he suffers the discomfort and humiliation of athlete's foot, necessitating frequent changes of heavy, white cotton socks.

Being something of a dandy, he despises this plebeian variety of footwear, almost as much as he resents Mrs. Delancy's nagging about them.

Mrs. Delancy is his housekeeper. For twenty years she has cooked his meals, washed his clothes and picked up after him, which is no small task in itself. She is as fond of him as though he were her son, but there is a limit to which even a mother will go.

Each year, when the soiled sock menace has reached its peak, she packs her bags, washes her hands of Uncle Oliver and goes to live with her children for three months. Whereupon, Uncle Oliver closes the house and moves in with us.

From the moment he says, "Hello," until he leaves, the house looks as though we were holding a rummage sale and being very untidy about it. The one thing Uncle Oliver has never learned is that closets were built to hang things in and hampers made for soiled clothing.

Time and again I pointed out that shirts, pants, coats, ties, suspenders, underwear and even shoes, I would restore to their proper places, but socks I would have nothing to do with. I might as well have saved my breath. He ignored my wishes, just as he ignored the gaily decorated can I placed in his room for the disposal of the offending articles.

As time went by, the litter of balled up socks spread from Uncle Oliver's room to the bathroom and back again.

"Let them stay where they fall," I said, dabbing perfume on the end of my nose. "If he can stand it, I can."

And then one day, the socks mysteriously disappeared. I thought Uncle Oliver had mended his ways, but when I opened the can, it was as empty as the day I'd taken it from the pantry shelf.

"He's burning them," I thought with considerable satisfaction and went about my business with no more thought for Uncle Oliver's foot covering.

Uncle Oliver had been with us about a week, when he hobbled into the kitchen one morning, each toe sporting a bandage, and demanded to know what in tarnation I'd done with his laundry.

"Everything's in your bureau drawers," I told him.

"It is not," he said with some heat. "I can't find a dad-blamed sock. What do you do with them?"

"I?" I said, suddenly on the defensive. "I haven't seen your socks in days. What have you been doing with them?"

"Nothing," he said. "I drop them on the floor at night and when I get up, they're gone."

"Nonsense," I said. "If you left them on the floor, that's where they'd be. Certainly no one in this house would go into your room and make off with them."

"Well, somebody's taking them," he argued. "Socks just don't get up and walk away."

"Stranger things have happened," I muttered and went on with preparations for a barbecue dinner we were having that evening for a group of friends.

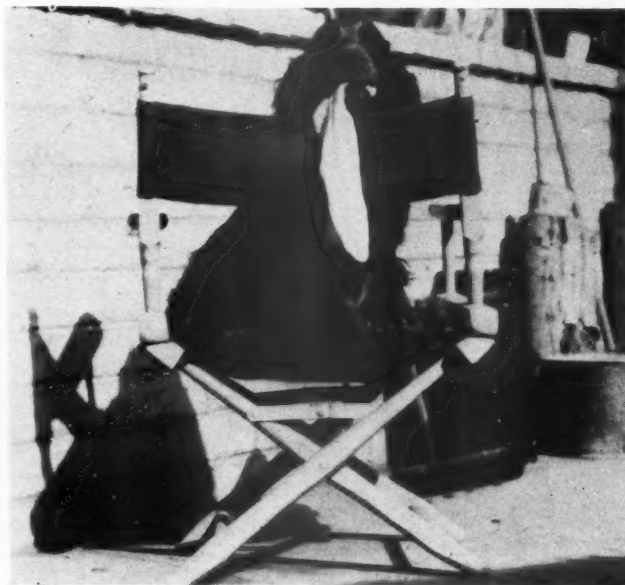
It was a glorious evening. We were sitting on the patio waiting for the steaks to broil and surreptitiously watching Uncle Oliver, who was cutting a wide swath for the benefit of a youngish, handsome widow.

Suddenly, one of the guests remarked that Mr. Blue and "Buddy Bearskin" were about to stage a battle in the rose garden. I looked, and sure enough, Mr. Blue was doing sentry duty up and down the path, while Buddy was maneuvering for a break in the picket line.

"It's probably a bone," I explained. "That's Mr. Blue's burying ground. Buddy's is under the trumpet vine, but he's not above poaching. . . ."

"Mr. Blue," Sanitarian

by Ina Loney Morris



Mr. Blue and one of the offending socks.

I left the sentence dangling. Suddenly I knew what had become of Uncle Oliver's socks. Mr. Blue, who has the run of the house night and day, had gone into Uncle Oliver's room, collected the soiled socks, carried them out and buried them!

The widow was chuckling. "Buddy seems terribly determined," she said. "What will Mr. Blue do if he digs up his bone?"

"There'll be a terrible, terrible fight," I said and called the dogs, fearful of what they'd reveal if they started digging.

"Nonsense," said Uncle Oliver. Eager to entertain his dinner partner, he got up, cut off a piece of steak and said, "dinner," the one word that will bring Mr. Blue running.

"You're going to regret this," I told him out the side of my mouth.

The minute Mr. Blue went off duty, Buddy began digging for all he was worth. Presently, he backed out of the hole, dragging something that had once been white.

"It's Unca Ollie's sock!" cried Chickie, our five-year-old niece. Turning to the widow, she announced in a voice that could be heard in the next block, "Unca Ollie's got stinky feet."

I looked at Uncle Oliver. He was squirming and his face was as red as the stuffed tomato salad. Hastily, we changed the subject—the dogs were ignored, everybody talked at once, but the damage had been done. The widow had moved from Uncle Oliver's side and was feeding Mr. Blue and Buddy pieces of steak and acting as though they'd done her a big favor.



"Harry"

THE saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good is certainly well justified in the following story.

About three years ago my husband purchased a handsome pair of Toulouse geese to use on our small pond for breeding purposes. They were enclosed in a secure pen, well covered and opening into the water—the latter precaution to keep foxes from molesting them. However, the careful protection did not take other animals into consideration and one evening we found both geese dead.

However, the next day when we went into the enclosure there was an egg in the nest provided for the goose. This egg was taken to a neighbor who put it with fowl eggs until the fluffy gosling was hatched. Our nieces brought the mite to us on April 12, 1945—the day President Truman went into office. Of course, he was christened "Harry" and knows and likes his name.

Harry is a pet in every sense of the word. He refused to stay on the pond with ordinary geese. He has water in a large tub and insists on having a bucket of water by the tub. In this way, he ducks his head as he bathes. He is not only a pleasant companion but a watch dog. It is always the part of wisdom to go out of doors when he makes an unusually loud honk. He has warned us of stray dogs, a cat or two, as well as a Highland Moccasin. He stands his ground and calls us continuously.

His pet peeves are our fifteen-year-old fox terrier and cub planes which fly too low over our house. Most children are afraid of him and he takes full advantage of this. He delights in chasing them but never hurts them in any way.

His favorite food is toast—and white bread toasted, not whole wheat. He certainly thrives on it and aids his digestion and nourishment by adding green salad in the form of rye which is sowed on our front lawn. It does not have to be cut during the winter months. Harry does that free of charge and without complaint. He, our lovely English setter and the terrier are a lovely trio and an addition to any country place.

—Mrs. P. B. Hendrix

Railroad Dog Heroes

By FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

LOYALTY, the dog's best-known trait, is especially noticeable in the railroad industry. There are thousands of canine mascots in railroad yards, stations, shops and offices all over the country, and many true stories are told of those that have saved human lives.

Take the case of "Paddy," a collie belonging to a track gang in Idaho. Paddy helped to patrol a 76-mile stretch of track. It is said that no workman knew the track better than he. One day in 1917, at age ten, Paddy found a small landslide covering the rails and ran around the curve to where the men were working. By loud barking, he prompted the men to follow him, and thus prevented what might have been a serious train wreck. Nor was that all. Four years later the same collie discovered a heavy boulder on the track and again brought help. Railroaders and passengers alike felt safer when Paddy was on the job.

A black and white terrier named "Rags," in Chicago, liked to ride engine cabs. One night in 1936, while traveling with an engineer, he suddenly leaped out the cab window, seven feet to the ground, barking loudly. The engineer stopped to see what was wrong. A few feet from the engine he found Rags standing guard over the unconscious figure of a man stretched across the track. For this Rags won a medal.

"Dick," a small yellow mongrel, also made himself at home in engine cabs. Engineer Jerry Phalen owned him. One day about fifty years ago Dick tugged at his master's trouser legs so hard that Mr. Phalen thought something had upset the dog's bed on the left side of the

locomotive cab. He stepped over there to look at it. At that instant an accident happened on the side of the cab where Mr. Phalen had been sitting. A heavy steel rod attached to a wheel broke loose and kept whirling around until the engineer shut off power. It smashed part of the cab and might have crippled or even killed Mr. Phalen if Dick had not invited him away from danger.

In 1936, men were working in a Kentucky field beside a railroad track. They saw a little brown dog run in and out of a cut where the track ran through a hill and heard him barking. At first they ignored the animal; but when they heard an engine whistle, one man rushed over and found a baby girl playing on the track, grabbed her in his arms, and hugged the mud bank closely till the train whizzed by.

A mongrel dog wandered to the Nevada home of Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Wright, a few years ago. They adopted the creature, named him "Bum." Later, Bum showed his gratitude by sinking his teeth into their five-year-old daughter's snowsuit and pulling her to safety from in front of a train. After that, the happy parents would not have sold Bum for any amount of money.

A similar case was that of "Alfie," an English bull terrier, pet of Mrs. Adele Severn of a Chicago suburb. In 1935 Mrs. Severn was strolling with Alfie across a railroad track near her home. She fell with both legs on the rails, clinging to the leash. Five persons saw her plight; none was near enough to help. Alfie, alert and strong, tugged so hard that he dragged his mistress to safety before the train rolled by.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Useful Little Busybody

The beaver is a useful chap;
Quite early, he's astir;
He's a little builder, and
He's valued for his fur.

But did you know he also has,
For those who are consumers,
An oil that's used as medicine,
And also by perfumers?





Photo by Mrs. Eugene Landess

A not so "distant" friend is this little kitten who takes these baby skunks out walking.

He has many "distant" friends, so —

Meet Mister Mephitis

By ELIZABETH BACHMANN

STANDING quietly at dusk in the vicinity of the "salad bowl," the dumping grounds for refuse from the Douglas Lodge kitchen—we were waiting for the "Wild-life parade."

With hardly a sound, a solemn little parade soon made its appearance. It was my first close-up view of a skunk, and there was no need to caution me to be quiet. We were soon too engrossed in watching to think of any misadventure, however, as the old skunk waddled along leisurely, followed by a half dozen youngsters. They were so close on each other's heels that they appeared to be hitched tandem with the reins of their white stripes. They were receiving instructions from their parent in the necessary art of getting a living.

The parent "polecat" was nearly two feet in length, from her nose to the tip of her large bushy tail, which she carried like a banner floating over her back. She was distinctively furred; her body covered with long, glistening black hair, a white patch on the back of her neck, a white stripe extending down her back and along the tail.

The conspicuous coloring of the skunk is generally regarded by naturalists as belonging to the class of so-called "warning colors," the object of which is to assist in the education of enemies, enabling them to remember the animals to be avoided.

The common skunk is an inhabitant

of North and Central America, ranging from Hudson's Bay to Guatemala. He is a carnivorous animal, and belongs in the same group as the minks and weasels. The skunk's Latin name is *Mephitis mephitis*, which aptly describes the evil smell he is able to broadcast, *mephitis* meaning "noxious exhalation." This tendency gives him an almost complete defense against most of his enemies.

During the summer and autumn his lack of agility is no handicap in getting food, as there are plenty of young mice to be had. Their short burrows are only a few inches below the turf, so the nests are easily uncovered. Snakes are also easily caught. He does most of his hunting after daylight is gone, when grasshoppers and crickets are easy prey.

By the time his food supply comes to an end with the approach of winter, he looks up a suitable place to spend the next few months. If his summer home has been in the woods, he retires to the same burrow, very often with all the members of his family. If they spent the warm summer in the open, they must find a hole for themselves, and often move into a burrow already occupied by another family. The original occupants seem to be glad of the additional warmth provided by larger numbers and they all sleep together in harmony.

Very few skunks are about during December and January. A little later, how-

ever, they begin to prowl around.

At this time of the year there are no insects to be had—an occasional grub or beetle in a decaying stump being about all that can be found.

It is now necessary for them to kill other creatures for their food.

Meadow mice are hunted on the patches of ground exposed when the snow melts, and snakes are snapped up when they are driven from their winter dens by the melting snow.

As the season advances, more and more bugs come out of hiding places to supplement the skunks' diet of mice and reptiles, but at best it is still short rations. At this time of the year they boldly visit barns and farm buildings, and in all fairness it must be said that usually they do more good than harm, living largely on mice and rats.

In May and June food begins to be quite abundant, and at this time the little skunks are led forth by one of their parents. Each evening the little band starts out on its nightly hunt, the small ones "bumbling" along in the darkness, chasing flying beetles and other insects.

The skunk is said to be a very likeable little animal, quite intelligent, usually good natured, unsuspicious, and gentle in manner. Except on rare occasions it seems to be free from any unpleasant odor. It is easily tamed and people do make pets of it.

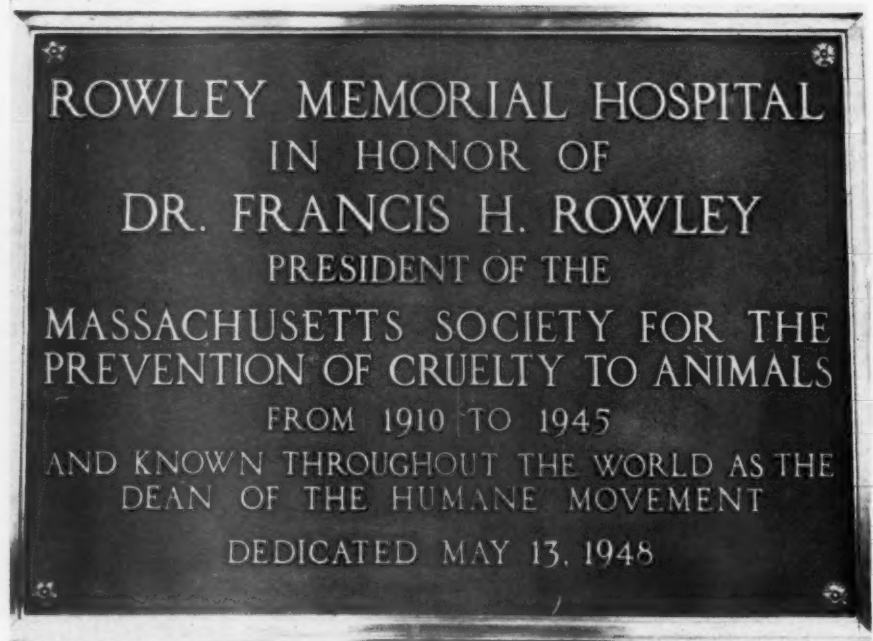
From Conservation Volunteer



Dr. Rowley Signally Honored

Springfield Hospital named
in his honor—for his many
years of outstanding service
to the humane world which has
earned him the title,
"Dean of the Humane Movement"

This bronze plaque is permanently affixed to the waiting-room wall. Over it hangs an outstanding portrait of Dr. Rowley in a characteristic attitude.



HENCEFORTH the hospital operated in conjunction with our Springfield branch will be known as the Rowley Memorial Hospital. On the morning of May 13, a distinguished audience composed of members, friends and officers of the Society witnessed the dedication and unveiling of the plaque in honor of our own Dr. Francis H. Rowley, for more than 35 years president of our Society and now the Chairman of its Board.

Filled to overflowing, the assembly hall presented a gala spectacle as the audience listened to the invocation by Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, the welcoming address by Mayor Daniel Brunton and speeches by John R. Macomber, Chairman of the Trustees, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Society and Walter J. Dethloff, President of the Animal Rescue League of Boston. President of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Lawrence Davis, introduced the speakers and conducted the meeting.

Mr. Macomber aptly noted in his talk the infrequent occasions in which the living are able to receive suitable recognition for outstanding work which merits such honor. For many years Dr. Rowley has been a force not only in his own community but throughout the entire world which has bestowed upon him the title, "Dean of the Humane Movement."

Dr. Rowley briefly and gratefully acknowledged the honor bestowed upon him.



(Left to right) Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Mrs. Lawrence Davis, Auxiliary President, Miss Alice Rowley, John R. Macomber, Chairman of Trustees.



(Left to right) Mayor Daniel B. Brunton, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, John R. Macomber, Treasurer William H. Potter, Jr.



Press Association, Inc.

"Fluffy" demonstrates, at the right, how she thwarts all attempts to "hook" the coins from under the door. She relaxes her vigilance (left) after the store has opened.

Extraordinary "Watch Cats"

EDDIE COLLINS, of Brookline, Massachusetts, has a very smart cat—a "watch cat" that he has installed in his variety store to guard the coins that are left before the store is opened.

Mr. Collins' customers, it is explained, have been in the habit of getting their papers early in the morning, before the proprietor arrives. They simply slip coins under the door, in payment for their purchases. Lately, however, the change hasn't added up to the total number of papers supposedly bought. So, Mr. Collins installed the cat.

Now it's a different story, as police found out when they caught two small

boys attempting to hook coins from under the door with a wire.

"You can't do it," one of the boys told Sgt. James Carroll. "The cat won't let you."

Mystified, Sergeant Carroll took a couple of his own coins and slid them under the door. Then he took the wire and started to hook them back. Each time, the cat batted the wire out of reach. When the proprietor arrived on the scene he explained the "watch cat" system to the astonished officer.

He pointed out that "Fluffy" not only paws the coins farther inside, but also knocks away all wires that come slithering under the door, no doubt thinking that someone is trying to play with her.

Gypsy Blood By CHRISTINE EDGE

OUR mule was never in the circus. I doubt very much if he ever even saw a show. At any rate, he did not need to, for he was a complete circus in himself, doing tricks no show horse ever dreamed of; romping, leaping, turning somersaults and having all kinds of fun as he played in the dust.

"Gypsy mule" I call him now. Why? Well, space had no boundaries to hold him. At least once a month he would grow tired of roaming the beautiful pasture and we would look out to see "Tobe" in the center of the pasture at the top of the hill posing and preparing for flight

any instant. Before anyone knew what had happened that mule would be in the barnyard and over the fence into broad country.

A search would then begin with Tobe racing along and succeeding in the coverage of many miles before he would be found. He would be brought home only to repeat the performance again soon.

I miss Tobe now that someone else has him. I needed no tickets for the sight of this live motion picture, starring a mule with the role of "Gypsy Blood." I wish him happiness.

Where Are the Voices?

By MARIE ZETTERBERG JELLIFFE

*The birds sing in the gardens,
The birds sing in the trees,
The crickets chirp in grasses
I would be glad with these.*

*They sing of Him who made them,
They know not why they do.
I would be happy with them,
Before the scenes I view.*

*O lips, where are your voices?
Why not speak truth today,
A trust in heaven's wisdom
To show the perfect way?*



"Queenie"

SEARCHING parties fanned out in all directions combing the woods for Louis Dutton, age three. The youngster had strayed from his home into the shadowy woodlands surrounding the New Hampshire town of Fitzwilliam in which he lives. After hours of frantic search there was still no trace of him. Then the county sheriff called on "Queenie."

Queenie is the young bloodhound which Sheriff Jennison is still training. But she came through like a veteran. Just as darkness began to fall Queenie led her trainer to the spot where the frightened little boy sat shivering.

Like others of her breed Queenie's talented nose can follow the trail of a human being for miles. That is why a bloodhound is especially valuable to police in country towns for the dog can follow trails through woods with almost 100% accuracy. Even a court of law will accept the evidence of Queenie or any other bloodhound.

The people of the country were so grateful to Queenie that they decided to start a fund to buy her a mate.

Everyone took Queenie's cause to their hearts, but especially the children. Boys and girls canvassed their neighborhoods for contributions. The newsboys asked the customers on their routes to give donations. An eight-year-old boy promised to eat his bread crusts for a whole week if his grandfather would give Queenie a dollar. He lived up to his word, too.

Adult store, office, and factory workers passed the hat for the fund, too.

The quota was reached in a few weeks and in the meanwhile Queenie came through again. This time she found a hospital patient, a veteran of World War II, who had wandered from the hospital grounds.

Now Queenie will have a mate to be named "King" and the people can always count on the help of at least one of the royal pair.

—Carolyn Aronson

Conspiracy

A FAT alley cat named "Blackie" lived at the short-order restaurant in San Francisco where I lunched every day. He was of a mysterious disposition—sometimes aloof, sometimes fawning for attention and sometimes unpleasantly peevish. On several occasions, when I tried to pet him, Blackie hissed, growled and raised his fur at me—only to return with an unbelievably rapid change of heart and curl up innocently on my lap.

The more I saw of him, the more of an enigma he became to me, and I finally asked the cook if he knew what made Blackie so unpredictable.

"I don't know," he said. "He's lived here for a good five years and he's been moody all along. Eats too much, I guess. Eats more'n any cat I ever heard of. Three pounds of hamburger a day I have to give him, or he's all the time under my feet crying and stamping for food."

The next day I chanced to make a short-cut to lunch by way of a seldom used alley behind the restaurant. As I came in sight of the back entrance I noticed Blackie, sides bulging with hamburger, sauntering out the door. And entering the restaurant was, to my amazement, *another* Blackie—identical to the first, excepting the full stomach. At the far side of the entrance sat a third black cat. He was flapping his tail patiently in the dust, obviously aware that if the five year conspiracy for ample hamburger were to remain secret, he must await his turn.

—A. T. McIntyre

A Respectable Dog

A FARM woman (of my acquaintance) thought it would be fun to paint the toe nails of her beautiful collie, a vivid red, using her own nail polish. No sooner had the dog been released, than he gazed dejectedly at his tinted feet. His tail which he usually carried aloft like a plume, dropped between his legs. Then the dog quietly slid under the porch far out of reach and remained there.

The dinner hour came and went, but the dog's food remained untouched. At dusk there was still no sign of the dog. By the next morning my friend became concerned about the health of her pet, so with the aid of her brother and a bottle of nail polish remover, she was able to crawl under the porch and remove the hated red polish. Then and then only did the dog deign to come out into the open. He rushed over to his food and once more resumed what evidently to him was the life of a respectable dog.

—Mary Zook

Dog Hero Saves Pal

PRINCESS" may very well be crowned with the diadem of heroism, for she not only saved her canine pal, "Cookie," at the risk of her own life, but she showed almost uncanny reasoning powers in doing it.

It happened in Albany, California, not long ago. At eight o'clock one evening Albany police received a telephone call reporting that a small tan mongrel dog had been struck by a hit-run motorist and was lying in the middle of a busy thoroughfare.

Patrolman David Perkins was sent to the scene and here is what he reported:

"Traffic was very heavy. The tan dog had a broken hind leg.

"A little black and white mongrel dog was holding the scruff of the tan dog's neck in his mouth and was tugging the dog toward the curb, apparently in an effort to remove the injured dog from the danger of the passing cars.

"Witnesses said the black and white dog had pulled the injured animal about

ten feet toward the curb by the time I arrived."

Officer Perkins then intervened, taking the injured dog to the animal shelter for medical treatment and Princess to the police station where she was the guest of police overnight.

The illustration below shows Princess patting Cookie on the head. Holding her is Officer Jerry Neuhauser who wanted to adopt the heroine if her owners were not discovered.

But that was not to be, for as soon as the picture appeared in the paper, both dogs were claimed by Mr. and Mrs. Melvin A. Bodkin, who stated that the dogs were the property of their two sons.

They had Cookie taken to a nearby animal hospital where veterinarians hold out an even chance for his recovery.

So appealing was this story that Albany police report that their telephone lines were jammed with calls from people all over the State who want to adopt the dogs.





Bluejay Commando

By FLORENCE KERIGAN

SHALL we tell her about the bluejay?" asked Emily. "She won't believe it. Nobody does!"

"She knows us," said Mary.

"Well, that too," I said, "but I'll believe anything anyone tells me about a bluejay!"

It seems that during the warm spell last fall, the windows of the editorial offices of the American Sunday School Union, 1816 Chestnut Street, were left open to admit the fresh air. Presently, Jean tiptoed into the room shared by Mary and Emily, and beckoned.

They followed her to her office, and there on her desk was a bluejay industriously pulling her pencils out of their rack and nibbling the erasers. The girls watched him, whispering and moving quietly, but they discovered afterward that they could have driven through with a jeep and a ten-ton truck for all his nibs would have cared.

Jean had work to do, requiring her attention and her pencils so she shooed him out her window and shut it. Whereupon he came in the other office window, by Mary. He hopped on her desk and investigated everything. A clip seized his fancy and he snatched it up in his beak, gulped, and flew around the room.

"He ate that clip!" gasped Emily. "Is this bird a bluejay or an ostrich?"

But he hadn't. He perched on the open drawer of a card index, riffled the cards with his beak, and deposited the bright, shiny clip, pushing it down between the cards, and pushing the cards together again.

Then he went treasure hunting on Emily's desk. The buttons on her dress intrigued him and he tried to pull them off, then he hopped on her hand and

pecked at the stone in her ring. But it was a little too much when he pecked at her knuckles while her typewriter carriage whanged back and forth and the little bell tinkled. She told him to stop. He did, regarding her with his crested head set on one side quizzically. Then he pecked her again.

"Shoo!" she said and slapped at him.

He flew to Mary's desk and ruffled his feathers and seemed to be gathering himself ready to launch himself at her.

Mary came to the rescue with a cookie. He ate part of it and forgot his indignation and let his feathers smooth down again. The rest of the cookie he took in his beak and deposited it on top of the bookcase. That, he figured, was a better place than the other, so he flew back to the card file, expertly riffled the cards, found the clip, and flew to the bookcase.

"After all," said Mary, rescuing an eraser from him, and ruefully looking at a record sheet which had to be done over, "this is no place for a bird!"

They coaxed, shooed, and otherwise coerced him into going into the office of the editor who was out of town at the time, and closed the door. A few minutes later they peeked in and he was sitting there, perched on the back of the Reverend William J. Jones' chair looking very solemn and important. But when they looked in again he was gone. He had flown out the window to the calm and peace of Chestnut Street on a warm, sunny, fall afternoon.

The girls think he must have been a pet. They are wondering if the wartime shortage of help caused some local office to hire him as a file clerk. He was bright, quick, quiet, alert, friendly—what more could an employer want?

What's the Answer?

By EDNA B. WILLIAMS

IT is a well-known fact that many animals are gifted with peculiar intuition and a knowledge of coming events, situations, etc., far beyond the ken of mortals.

"Max," my mongrel chum dog, possessed this gift to a high degree. Some of my experiences with him were unexplainable to human sense.

I frequently spend an evening at the theater. The dog always left the house with me, but at a certain intersection he would wag me goodbye and be off on some errand of his own; while I would walk on for several blocks to the theater. However, when I left the building after the show, there Max would be waiting to escort me home. I had never taken him to the theater nor had I told him where I was going, but he was always there.

More peculiar than this was the dog's ability to meet my bus when I returned daily from my office in a nearby city. Whether I stopped near my home or at a point near the shopping district, a good four and a half blocks farther away, there Max would be waiting. I thought little of this at the time, believing it to be mere coincidence. But one afternoon when I stopped down town to shop, Max was not there to meet me; then I found it was no coincidence.

I had not gone far toward home when I became aware of a veritable whirlwind of motion in the distance. Max, head and tail erect, was straining every muscle to be at the desired spot on time. His joyous greeting spoke plainly of his happiness in having finally arrived, while his stubby tail wagged a humble apology for his tardiness.

As we entered the home together, my friend looked up in astonishment. "Now that's what the dog wanted," she exclaimed. "Max was lying on the floor, apparently in a deep sleep," she continued. "Suddenly he sprang up and rushing to the door cried piteously to go out. I directed him to lie down but he kept up such a clamour that I was obliged to let him go."

According to our calculation, the dog awakened from sleep at the time the bus was nearing the point where I left it. I seldom left my office at the same hour two days in succession and Max had no means of knowing where I would stop on that particular day. Then by what means was this fact communicated to him at a distance of nearly five long city blocks? Has any one the answer?



Someone said that ants as models of industry are an overrated bunch, as they will knock off work any time to attend a picnic lunch.

Society News and Service



Retiring President J. Seth Jones congratulates successor Dr. Eric H. Hansen.

Dr. Hansen Elected

THE annual meeting of the New England Federation of Humane Societies was held recently at the headquarters of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of that Society, was elected Federation Head, succeeding Mr. J. Seth Jones, General Manager of the Connecticut Humane Society at Hartford.

Delegates from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, as well as Massachusetts, were present for a day's discussion of topics affecting the various Humane Societies in the six-state area.

Mrs. Florence Rathom of Providence, Rhode Island, was re-elected Treasurer of the organization; Miss Marjorie L. Wyman of the Animal Rescue League of Boston was elected Secretary, to succeed Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, who resigned; and Miss Margaret Kearns of the S. P. C. A. was appointed Assistant Secretary.

Case of Mange

A REPORT was received that a man had several dogs afflicted with mange and that he allowed them to roam at large.

On investigation, two mongrel dogs were found, one in good condition, but the other with a bad case of mange. The owner stated that the dog was under treatment and she thought it was improving. It was explained to her that she should keep the dog in and not let it mingle with other animals, or the police could get a restraining order compelling her to keep it tied up all the time.

July 1948

Complaints Investigated

A REPORT was received by our Society that two cats had been left in a closed restaurant. The owner of the place claimed that someone fed the cats each day, but was persuaded by our agent to have them placed in a home.

A cat brought to our Hospital by its owner was found to have a broken leg and also was full of buckshot. Witnesses claimed seeing a man and boy attack the cat with a shotgun and also strike it with a shovel. On being brought into court the man claimed that he did not attack the cat. However, he was tried, convicted and ordered to pay a fine of \$25.

A man arrested without warrant for shooting a dog twice while it lay in a barrel was committed by the Judge to an institution for thirty-five days' observation.



"Tobey" contented with Nurse Perkins.

Likes Hospital Life

SPENDING a total of seven months of his three and a half years in the Angell Memorial Hospital, "Tobey," a handsome tiger cat owned by Mrs. Gertrude Foss of Groton, has become quite accustomed to ward life with his cat and dog friends. He is a good patient.

"Tobey" first received treatment from Dr. Rudolph Schneider for an ulcerated throat. He recovered and returned home, but has been hospitalized several times since, because of various illnesses.

ANY child would be delighted to receive a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy?

Sick Cow

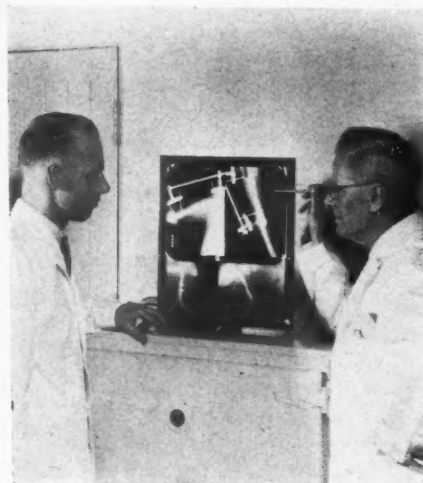
DURING the cold weather, a very thin cow was found down in a field, with no shelter. It was proved that the animal had been in the same position for a long time. Word was left for the owner, who was not at home, to get the cow out of the field and under shelter immediately or have her disposed of.

No word was heard from the owner, so the agent called again with a veterinarian, who gave it as his opinion that the cow would never be any better. With the owner's permission the animal was put to sleep. He admitted that the animal had been down sick and without shelter for a week, so a complaint was taken out in court. The defendant pleaded guilty and was fined \$25.00 for neglect.

Flies from Switzerland

DR. Jacques Jenny of Zurich, Switzerland, has come to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of Boston to study, for a few months, the up-to-date methods of animal surgery as practiced here. He was graduated from the University of Zurich; then for three years was connected with the Surgical Department of the veterinary faculty of that University, and later spent two years in the Surgical Department of the Veterinary School in Alfort, Paris.

Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, is shown here with Dr. Jenny, examining X-rays relating to orthopedic surgery, for which Dr. Schroeder is justly famous.



Dr. Jacques Jenny (left) studying orthopedic X-rays with Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

Visit to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

Note: Children from the Thomas Dwight School in Boston, Grades 2 and 3, wrote the following interesting letter to a classmate who was ill and unable to visit the Hospital with them:

Dear John,

This is "Be Kind to Animals Week."

This morning the second and third grades walked over to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital on Longwood Avenue.

The first thing we saw was a beautiful stained glass window. The window told the story of St. Francis who loved animals. In front of the window was a statue of a child taking a splinter out of a dog's foot.

Upstairs were hundreds of posters. Mr. Pollard told us they were made by school children. He asked us if we had made any of them. These posters told about kindness to animals. We are going to make some this afternoon. Next we saw a lovely moving picture, "Out of the Heart." The story told how much fun Billy had training his dog, "Rags."

When the picture was over Miss Piper gave each of us a "Band of Mercy" pin.

After we got the badges we went down to see sick, injured and stray animals.

We made some pictures of our trip for you. We had a good time and hope you will get some fun out of the pictures.

All the children helped to write this letter.

My Dog Tippy

By Virginia Irene Donal (Age 12)

I HAVE a dog. His name is "Tippy" and he is two years old. His fur is golden. I like him because he is a good dog. He will help me carry wood and in winter he will pull me to school on the sled and wait till I get out for noon, then he will take me home. I love him very much. My dog is a collie.



Photo by Viggo T. Dahl, Courtesy Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Contest
Two Vermont Beauties. "Everybody smile! You can snap it now. Don't you think my doggie will take a good picture?"

"Smoky" and "Scotty"

By Lee E. Comins (Age 10)

I RECEIVED the button pin I sent for the other day. I liked it very much. I have a kitten for a pet. His name is "Smoky." He is a silver-mackerel. I really think Smoky loves me, because he walks over to me and rubs his cheeks up and down my face. We are promised a "Scotty" in the spring. I just can't wait. Then I will have two beautiful pets to care for.

The Lost Puppy

By Anna D. Nunzio (Age 11)

I AM a lost puppy. I wish I could find my way home. Someone is coming down the street. Oho, it is Betty. I am going to see if she wants me. I hope she will say "yes," because I am a little hungry. I went up to her and I began to bark. She didn't want me. I went down the street and I met a little girl. I began to bark. She wanted a little puppy. She was so happy to see me. She took me home. I was a lucky little puppy.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Dance for Very New Little Rabbits

*Hippety-boppety-bup,
Down the hill and up!
Hippety-boppety-bop,
Right to the very top!
Hoppety-boppety-bip,
Over the top we skip,
Then a hippety-bop,
And back we pop—
Huppety-boppety-bip!*

—Alfred I. Tooke



Next-of-Kin

By Violet M. Roberts

EACH animal in List "A" has a relative among the animals in List "B." How many can you match correctly? **Example:** 1. Puma and h. Cat.

- | A | B |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Puma | a. Hog |
| 2. Coyote | b. Cow |
| 3. Peccary | c. Horse |
| 4. Bison | d. Goat |
| 5. Ibex | e. Dog |
| 6. Zebra | f. Antelope |
| 7. Steinbok | g. Bear |
| 8. Panda | h. Cat |

ANSWERS: 1, h; 2, e; 3, a; 4, b; 5, d; 6, c; 7, f; 8, g.

July 1948

Mother Goose Animal Mixup

By Daisy G. Roberts

EACH line below is part of a Mother Goose rhyme. Somehow the letters got mixed up. The animal's names are misspelled. See how many of them you can spell correctly.

1. This little **gip** stayed home.
2. There was a piper had a **woc**.
3. All the King's **shoser**.
4. The **tac** and the fiddle.
5. Down went the **sycatsup**, away robin ran.
6. Shoe the wild **emar**.
7. What makes the **balm** love Mary so?
8. Three little **tenskit** lost their mittens.
9. He bought a crooked **act**.
10. Where has my little **gdo** gone?
11. Barber, barber, shave a **igp**.
12. This is the **ocw** with the crumpled horn.
13. The little **cgd** laughed to see such sport.
14. Little Bo Peep has lost her **speeh**.
15. The **ipg** flew up in the air.
16. The **swoc** in the corn.
17. I love little **stupscay**, her coat is so warm.
18. The **epshe** in the meadow.

Answers will appear next month.



Happy days are here again. Paul Vincent Sullivan sharing with a friend. My, what could taste better on a hot day?



An unusual view of camel transport, taken in Australia.

Camels in Australia

By JEWELL CASEY

IT is said that in 1860 twenty-four camels were transported to Australia for use on the desert. They did so well, today there are several thousands. One reason why camels have long been used in sand is because of the shape of their feet. Ordinarily, large animals would sink right into the desert sand, but the camel's foot has two toes, and under the toes is a wide cushion, spread out so the animal does not sink much when walking over the desert.

A camel does not walk very fast, when loaded, probably averaging no more than three miles an hour in a day's journey, but it is very reliable for long trips.

On the big sheep ranches—known there as "sheep stations"—in New South Wales, far, far removed from cities, live many people who know no life except on these isolated ranches. Since many men are needed to care for the sheep of one station, several families live on one ranch.

Supplies for the community store are received only once each year, and these supplies are brought in from Broken Hill, the nearest town of any size to the big stations, by camel trains.

The arrival of the camel train is the most important event of the entire year. With the first cry of "The camels are coming," the shrill cries of delight from the children, excited talking of the elders and barking of dogs rise in mighty crescendo.

Usually heading the train is a big white camel, looking as dignified and haughty as it is possible for such a

grotesque creature to look. Walking beside him is an Afghan driver. At regularly spaced intervals behind the leader are many other camels and drivers.

Upon reaching the door of the store, the driver commands, "Hobshta!" and slowly the camel lurches down and forward, backward and down, down and forward, swaying the head, finally settling, grunting and grumbling with complete satisfaction. The driver loosens knots, casts off ropes and eases down loads that hang on each side of the pack-saddle. The saddle is merely a couple of straw-stuffed pads with a few sticks. Without girth, it is held in place by the neckstrap, and by the hump which sticks up through an opening between the pads.

Most camels are not at all good-natured, and each time one is loaded or unloaded, it is likely to start kicking and biting. However, the drivers pay scant attention to these hostile demonstrations, but the station-hands—accustomed to the gentle ways of sheep—give the camels wide berth.

After the last camel is unloaded, the nose-string of each animal is tied to the saddle of the camel in front of him, and the train pulls out.

Horses detest the scent of camels, and therefore, it is not advisable for them to remain any longer than is absolutely necessary, because the horses would be scattered far and wide.

Whether popular with the horses or not, camels are welcomed with open arms by the people, and the coming of the camels is a most gala occasion.

Junior Humane Society

A REPORT has been received from Mrs. H. J. Hansell, Secretary of the Winnipeg, Manitoba, Junior Humane Society, which tells of the splendid work being done by this group of young people. Twenty-eight groups have been formed in city schools and thirty-one in country schools.

Much cruelty is found by the regular S. P. C. A., and it is felt that there is no better way to combat this than by stressing Humane Education in the schools. The teachers and pupils, as a whole, have been most sympathetic.

Each member receives a membership card and an animal picture, and each group receives literature and posters, and a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, which, it is said, the teachers and pupils find "most helpful and interesting."

It is the goal of the leaders to expand this work until all the schools in their locality have active Junior Humane Societies.



Aid for Animals

IN the April issue of *Our Dumb Animals* we appealed for aid for British Animals, which were seriously in need of extra rations.

Our friends have responded generously and we have already forwarded \$417.25 to the American S. P. C. A. in New York City, to purchase shipments of food to be sent overseas to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the National Canine Defence League, of London, England, for distribution. The British Government has waived duty on the shipments.

Contributions are still being gratefully received by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:45 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 8:45 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

HUMANE LITERATURE

For Sale by the **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**
and the **MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets.

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The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp. each, 10 cts.

An Early Start to Kindness, Lucia F. Gilbert, 48 pp. For first and second grades each, 5 cts.

The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley cloth, 35 cts.

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"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles—Humane Society, S. P. C. A., or Band of Mercy..... \$2.00 per 100

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500 00	Associate Annual	10 00
Sustaining Annual	100 00	Active Annual	5 00
Supporting Annual	50 00	Annual	2 00
Contributing Annual	25 00	Children's	1 00

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Buttons with animal group design, in color, are available in three styles—inscribed Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A.

We can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons showing white star on dark blue background, with gold border and lettering. Price \$2.00 a 100.

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